

The Focus

...Alumnae Number...

June
1914

4

State Normal School
Farmville, Virginia



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THE FOCUS

VOL. IV

FARMVILLE, VA., JUNE, 1914

NO. 5

To Those Who Graduate

Parke Morris

THIS AGE demands you live!
Beware the indolence, when man listens to the
siren voice of Ease,
Forgetful of the heights to be obtained above.
And, as one who on the mountainside forgets
The misty peaks, and only sees what lies below,
Thinks all is conquered and rests content.
But live! a world of voices call to you;
The dusty page of History, Science, Art,
Is filled with records of each Master's life,
And whispers, "These have lived!"

Oh, we are in an age to live.
To govern the throb of power beneath the hand,
And soar on steel-ribbed wings and watch below
The azure ocean curl around its conqueror,
To feel the tremor, when at whitening dawn
The black smoke from the city chimneys pours
In gray seas far above the sleeping town,
And know the presence of the Master Builder, Work.
Behold the vast west lies a growing monument
To those who not for fame nor glory crossed
The infinite waste of plain to turn the desert into
Eden,
But for the greatness of a future world;
And while the "Golden Gate" gleams like a jewel
in the west,

Its founders lie unnamed in the azure shadows of
the Rockies,
And even those who broke the bond of hireling
rule
In our own Southland lie in unknown graves.
And how they strove! for power nor glory crown,
But just that you become a mightier race to build
a mightier world.

Since now 'tis you go forth to take your place
Among the builders of a future state,
Behold examples of those men of old
And hear inaudible pleas of that vast congregated
might
Of master workers, who though dead will never die.
You are the heir of nations,
And ours the mightiest nation of them all, which,
With the strength of forest oak, grew like a mush-
room in the night,
With all the virtues of the older world.
Then take your tool, if brush or pen or scroll,
And use it so that if your name forgotten be
Your work will stand to uplift man
Through all eternity.

Loss and Gain

Mary Armstead Holt

"MISS JOHNSON, your dog seems quite ill down in the yard; perhaps you had better come down," said Mr. Brent, the principal, coming in the fifth grade door as Miss Johnson was preparing to go to the lunch room.

"What can be the matter with him?" the teacher asked as they both hurried down to the boys' yard where Adsum, her dog, was tied.

"I fear he has been poisoned," answered the man slowly, for he well knew what bonds of companionship existed between Adsum and Miss Johnson. The collie had been given to her when she left home to take her first school—in the country. He had accompanied her to and from school each day and had been both a protector and a companion. So, when she came to Viewpoint City, Adsum was brought along too. While Miss Johnson was in school he stayed tied, except when Fred and Bill took him for a romp. Everyone connected with the school had become acquainted with these two friends and they were both generally popular. Miss Johnson thought of Adsum about what Edison once said he thought of his dog; and Adsum—well, as yet, no dog has been able to express in words what he thinks of his owner.

As Miss Johnson approached, the dog made a valiant effort to show his devotion by moving his eyes appealingly and weakly wagging his tail. The teacher stooped down by him, regardless of several warnings of "Watch out. It may be rabies. You never can tell." And seeing how much he was suffering, she found it impossible to keep back the tears.

"Is there a veterinarian near I could get?" she asked.

"Yes'm," answered a boy in the group. "Mr. Crandall, on twenty-second street, can cure sick dogs. I'll go on my wheel to get him," and he was off in a flash.

Several of the teachers tried to persuade Miss Johnson to go in and get some lunch; but she refused, saying, "Adsum needs me. We really are friends you know." So they went in, leaving her with Mr. Brent and a group of curious boys. While waiting for Dr. Crandall, Mr. Brent told her how Fred had found the dog in a convulsion, and they, fearing rabies, had shortened his chain and warned the children away. Then when one of the boys heard him bark he said no dog with rabies ever barked that way, so they thought perhaps he was poisoned.

"But I do not see how he could have been poisoned. They have not been using any poison around the house and surely there is none around here. Of course no one would want to poison him, do you think so, Mr. Brent? You see I really truly love Adsum so that I think everyone must do the same. I hate to see him suffer," and here the voice became choked.

Just then a boy in the group named Peter Muzgaff, curled his lips in a sneer and, calling to someone to come on and "kick ball," moved away. This reminded many of forgotten play and the group around the dog became smaller. But, upon the arrival of the veterinarian, the crowd re-assembled.

After a quick examination, Dr. Crandall said the animal was poisoned and gave him some kind of liquid. But when Miss Johnson, with tears in her eyes and a hand on the dog's head, asked if Adsum would live, he said, "Hardly," and moved away. He had not been gone long when the teacher patted the collie's now still head very, very gently, and, before an audience of wondering boys, stooped down and pressed her head closely against the dog's. "Good bye, good old Adsum," she said and walked, dry-eyed, into the school.

Peter, the boy who was the cause of many hours of worry for Miss Johnson every day, turned to his chum and said, "Gee, she surely did love that dog. Wonder if she'll teach us this afternoon." Then he kicked a football viciously and sulked by himself for the rest of the lunch hour.

After a conference with Mr. Brent and a phone message or two, one of the boys came to Miss Johnson and offered to carry Adsum out to his uncle's farm some miles from the city and bury him for her. She tried to tell him how much she thanked him; and that evening when school let out Adsum had been carried away.

About an hour after the children had been excused, Miss Johnson, returning to her room for a book, found Peter Muzgaff. He had surprised and pleased her that afternoon by being most helpful. So she walked up to him, put her hand on his shoulder and said, "Peter, thank you for being so kind this afternoon. There were many things you did to make it easier to teach while they were carrying dear old Adsum away." Here she paused and, feeling the boy quiver, she withdrew her hand and noticed for the first time he was not looking at her—but at the cloak room door.

"You know, Peter," she went on, "You have led all the boys in giving me trouble; but I am never going to give up trying. You are made of good, strong material, and while you are in my grade I shall do anything I can for you and today you made me so happy." Then, wonder of wonders, she saw two tears steal out of those big black eyes and roll unnoticed down Peter's cheeks. "Why, what's the matter, Peter?" she asked in astonishment.

"Oh, Miss Johnson, you will hate me now. I did not make you happy today. I killed Adsum. That is, I saw him nosing some poison the janitor had thrown out after putting some around for rats. And I thought I hated you for keeping me in yesterday so I let him go ahead and eat it." Here the boy choked, then plunged ahead recklessly, fearless of consequences. "I laughed when I heard he was sick. I was glad, but then when I saw how you cared so much, I felt mean enough to choke myself. I'll go away. I won't come in here no more so you won't have to teach the boy who killed your dog. I'll run away."

Miss Johnson, white-faced at the beginning of this confession, now sank into the nearest desk, Peter's desk, and, putting her head down, shook with the long restrained sobs. Two blows at once she could not bear—Adsum's

death and to lose Peter—the problem she had worked so hard to gain. “Peter killed Adsum,” kept ringing through her ears. Everything seemed black.

“Don’t,” Peter cried, and ran toward the cloak room door. He threw it open, saying, “Don’t cry for Adsum any more.” Out came an ugly half-starved dog, bearing a slight resemblance to Miss Johnson’s collie—a very slight resemblance.

Peter led the animal up to the desk and said, “I was sorry and so—so I ran all the way home, got my dollar I had saved up for a wheel, went to Mike Milligan’s and bought you this dog. He ain’t much like Adsum but maybe you could learn to care for him. And good-bye, I won’t bother you any more.” Peter turned but Miss Johnson arose and drew the boy to her with one hand while she placed the other on the dog’s head and smiled through the tears.

When they both started home, the boy had no thought of leaving school or city, and the joy of her victory with Peter was drawing the sadness from Miss Johnson’s heart. That night when writing to her mother she said, “Today has been the saddest and the happiest. I weep for Adsum, but oh, I rejoice because of Peter!”

Virginia

Bland Hudgins

(With apologies to Helen Hunt Jackson.)

O H, SUNS and skies of Florida
And fruits and trees together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
Virginia's bright clear weather.

When on the ground your oranges lie
In piles like topazes shining,
The bright red apples on the ground
In Virginia's clime are lying.

When all the lovely wayside trees
With crimson leaves are seen,
And the great big yellow pumpkins lie,
Awaiting Hallowe'en,

Oh, suns and skies of Florida,
And fruits and trees together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
Virginia's bright clear weather.

Titania and Sybil

Emma W. White

Characters: Titania, fairy queen; King of Fairies; Sybil, Guendolyn, Queen's maids; Prince Dolor; Hunters, followers of the King, and other fairies.

ACT I

Scene I. Forest; day-break. (Enter Sybil and Guendolyn, Sybil singing.)

Sybil

Aurora lifts her snowy wings
Over hill and blossoming dale,
Daylight with her garlands brings,
Painting red the morning pale.

As the fleecy billows roll,
Through the portals of the night,
Back the dusky curtains fold,
For the goddess of the light.

Sybil and Guendolyn together

Hail Aurora, goddess bright,
Hail, thou bringer of the light;
See, the dusky wings of night,
Ope' before thy tread so light;
Hail, Aurora, goddess bright,
Hail, thou bringer of the light.

Sybil

What can make so sad
Titania's spirits in times so glad?
Thus for three entire days
Vainly have we tried to raise
The joys of our gloomy Queen.

Guendolyn

Never before hath been
Such sorrow in her mein.

Sybil

Even since Prince Dolor paid
His farewell visit in our glade
And rode forth to join the chase,
On his fleet steed that leads the race,
These three days Titania's mood
Hath been—hist, she comes,
A while to pause were good. (*Enter Queen.*)

Titania

Maids, hath news been heard
From the recreant Prince Dolor
Who left our glade on court day last?
Methinks some evil hath befallen him.

Sybil

Our honored Queen, no news hath past
From Prince Dolor since forth he rode
Down the shadow-clinging road
Of yon forest's gloomy bosom.

Titania

Were he dead, it can not be,
To the fates to whom in vain
I raise my voice and call his name,
Whose fault is't my heart's untrue,
That once was free and guiltless pure?
I'd never been a wanton Queen,
Till this young knight my eyes had seen.
Now no longer can I love
My own and rightful lord.

(*Queen weeps, King enters.*)

King

Why these tears, my lovely Queen,
They now ill become a face

By every art of Nature graced,
 In this glad and beauteous hour!
 Dry those pearls of sorrow! Come,
 To our heather bed retire,
 Ere the heart of day's red fire
 Hath dried the diamonds of the night.
(Exeunt King, Queen and maids.)

ACT II

Scene I. In forest. Deer rushes across stage, followed by dogs. Prince Dolor on horse rushing at high speed. Horse throws the Prince and falls on him. Prince dying from fatigue.

Prince

At last by mine own folly,
 Crushed by thee, my noble steed,
 Till scarce the air my lungs may breathe;
 How vainly I trusted to thy speed.
 To gain the trophy, I needs must lead
 Those who have by riper wisdom shown
 All is not won by speed alone.
 Oh, would I, too, less rash had been,
 To aimless plunge o'er hill and glen.
 Ah, then had I more prudence borne,
 Not thus my dying breath'd be drawn alone.
 Alas! all crushed and bleeding, bruised and torn,
 Unwept, uncared for, and alone! *(Prince dies.)*
(Enter hunters.)

First Hunter

Here by this sparkling rill
 Rest, shaded by the jutting hill
 That throws its long and cooling shade
 The length and width of this hidden glade.

Second Hunter

Here, rest we till the burning sun
 Has through its orbit's course fully run,
 Let us then to our king return.
 We love our heather more than dank forest fern,

And our sweet crystal mountain stream,
More cool than many a lowland burn.

Third Hunter

But were we to leave Prince Dolor lost,
What might our return to court not cost?
Full well I know no rest will be given
Till long and hard we all have striven
To find the Prince.

Second Hunter

Yet have we not long in unwearying hunt,
Over plain and through forest, pursued our guest?
How much more—
What lies here! 'tis the body of the Prince,
Stark and cold in death's chill embrace.

Third Hunter

Alas, my lord, and have you fallen,
No one to raise thee from the dust,
No one to quench thy throat of thirst?
Locks that rival the wealth of gold
Are fallen to mix with the lowly mold.

First Hunter

Now make a litter to bear our lord,
For the last time o'er the green sward,
To our loved King and at his feet
Lay our brave Prince whom none in conquest might
defeat. (*Exeunt hunters with Prince.*)

ACT III

Scene I. Same as Scene I, Act I.

Sybil (singing)

Night's wings of somber hue
Descend on the forest glade,
From out a sky of deepest blue,
Enfolding a world in shade.

The dewdrop's glistening globe
Sparkles on fern and brake,
And the mist's enshrouding robe
Guards jealously the reedy lake.
Softly the zephyrs cool
Touch the forest leaves,
Rippling as the waves of the pool
When Boreas in mildness breathes.

Sybil (speaks)

A moment ago methinks
I saw a hunter approach the glen
From out the hedge of the fen,
A hunter such as Prince Dolor
Rode forth, when he left our court.

Queen

Art sure, my Sybil, 'twas he?
Oh, may it indeed be this hunter.
Four long days since he went,
Four days so wearily spent.
Go, Sybil, and inquire if true
These tidings. (*Exeunt Sybil.*)
Comb these locks, Guendolyn,
Comb them in curling showers,
Scent them with aroma of flowers,
Till the sweetest of fragrance they bear,
Till more like showered gold they seem than hair.

Guendolyn

It were hard to make them more lovely,
My fair Queen, than now they seem.
More golden they can not be, nor rivals the silk
their sheen. (*Enter King.*)

King

Sad news have I heard, my Queen,
Sadders news for us can not be,
Since this night brings us grief
For the span of a life cut brief.

Queen

What may it be, my Lord?
So strangely thou speakest. I fear
Some one in our court we hold dear
Hath suffered the embrace of death.

King

Too good hast thou guessed, Titania,
The Prince, Lord Dolor, is dead. (*Titania screams
and faints.*)

What then doth my Queen prove,
A traitor to love and lord?
Alas, I had not soon guessed
This sin, not by her lips confessed.
Did not her own actions belie
What my love blinded eyes could not descry?
No longer may she be called wife of a king,
From my bosom as a viper I fling.
No adulterous woman shall charm
An embrace from this true honored arm.

(*Exit King. Queen recovers.*)

Queen

Lead me thither to where he lies.
Once more shall I see with these eyes
My entire undoing and ruin.
Lead me hither and then by his side
I will lay my disgrace, and in death
Expiate my crime. (*Exeunt Queen with Sybil and
Guendolyn.*)

*Scene II. Prince Dolor lies wrapt in his shroud. (Enter
Queen with Sybil and Guendolyn.)*

Queen

My Prince, though wrapt in deep slumber,
In the embrace of death's cold arms,
Yet still I will meet thee, my love,
Where none may separate us more.

(*Queen takes a dagger concealed in her robe and pierces
her breast; falls dead. Enter King and attendants.*)

King

Thus hast thou well made an end
Of a life that should more noble have been.
Thy blood pays the cost that thy heart
Made, when duty and purity parted
From a form so perfect in grace,
And godlike, though weak, thy beauteous face.
Sybil, since thy mistress lies dead
Beside the Lord she has chosen,
Will thou accept the hand of a King
That no taint to his Queen will bring?

Sybil

My Lord, my heart and hand
I give thee, nor purer a maid
Did ever extend thee her charms.

(King places crown on her, and kisses her.)

King

Now, Queen, I crown thee, my Sybil,
Let the faults of Titania's weak heart
By the purity of Queen Sybil be vanquished.

(Exeunt.)

Night

George Bailey

HOLY MYSTERY breathing, calm is the air,
As I sit and ponder all alone;
It tells of peace, and rest from pain and care,
And wishes for all evil to atone.

But who can tell what may come with each morrow
In all this great old busy world of ours?
There may be heavy hearts all filled with sorrow,
While we in joy speed the flying hours.

But o'er it all the kind night gently spreads
Her dusky robe of shadowy veiling deep
And I can see just one small ray ahead,
As I gaze toward the village calm in sleep.

So as I see yon bright star so brave
That lights with silver gleam the darkness furled,
I think of love, whose power can ever save
Us from despair in this—a careless world.

And thus love on my pathway every hour
Sheds little rays of happy healing light,
Even as the star shines from its heavenly tower
On the dark, murky fearfulness of night.

Transplanted Celebrities

IT WAS a beautiful summer night. The air was filled with the perfume of roses, and the night breezes, whispering through the treetops, wafted their delicate odor to me as I sat by my window, enchanted by the beauty of the night. There was not a cloud in the sky; the stars twinkled merrily and the moon on her nightly round shone out clear and full. I had just been reading about the moon, and as I looked I thought of all the wonderful tales I had read of the people there and their lives and customs. I began to wish that I, contrary to all nature and science, might be given the power to cross the black void between the earth and the moon, so as to be certain of what was now merely conjecture. Suddenly I saw stretched out before me a ladder of moonbeams. Here was the chance I had longed for, the fulfillment of my desire to visit the moon. Seizing the golden ladder I started on my journey, mounted higher and higher until I at last found myself in the longed-for land.

Suddenly I heard most beautiful music—nearer and nearer it came until I was almost overcome with the wondrous melody. Could it be some transplanted Jenny Lind singing, or some siren of the moon seeking to keep me, through enchantment, with the moon people?

Soon my eyes became accustomed to the brightness and I could distinguish faint objects. On they came, a procession of weird and fantastic figures, drawing nearer and nearer to me but moving very slowly. Ah, at last I could see that the leader was making the music. Somehow the strains seemed familiar. Could it be that I had heard them before? The leader stood before me and I could clearly distinguish the words now—my heart stood still while the ghostly form poured forth these melodious tones: "Do-mi-sol-do, do-sol-mi-do." At last the music ceased

and I dared to address the singer. "Tell me," I said, "why you sing only this tune? Do you know no other?"

"Ah, dear friend," was the answer, "I took music at S. N. S., and it was there I found I had talent. But, alas! because I attempted to cultivate my talent, my room-mates sent me to this far-off land where they thought I'd find no one to bother." With these words she passed on and the "Do-mi-sol-do" died away in the distance.

I was too startled to move and remained standing there as though turned to a pillar of salt. This was only a beginning, however, for following close in her wake came a sad-faced young girl. Sorrow was written in the down-cast eyes and her figure was bent as with a heavy load. Ah, thought I, this is truly a pathetic case; what terrible misfortune could have brought this about. Evidently the poor girl detected in my eye a friendly sympathy, for she stopped before me and put down her load of books, which, on examining them, I found to be documents with such titles as "Civil Service Reform," "Tariff," "Popular Election of United States Senators," and various other books published for the Senior Civics Class of S. N. S., all rights reserved. I began to understand my friend's condition, and really to sympathize.

"My friend," she began, "I was once a Senior at a place called the State Normal School, of Farmville, Va. I had hopes and aspirations; I had even dreamed of a diploma which was to be mine, but how rudely my hopes were all blasted. But one day—it was the tenth of November—will I ever forget that day?—then was the time, dear friend, when I said good-bye to all honors. I had learned Forman's Civics by heart, but alas! I did not know a long from an extra session. Convinced that I'd never understand it, I have started out to find a land with no congress." Picking up her load of books, the poor mortal moved on. As she left me a small piece of paper fluttered to the ground, on which I found written these few immortal words. "J. M. Lear, Senior Civics, P."

Next came a group of forlorn-looking creatures, each one wearing weary, hunted expressions. They moved by on tip-toe, and when I started to address them they raised

their hands in a startled way and whispered, "Hush, we're running from the matron." Appreciating their predicament and realizing that they had enjoyed a sufficient amount of campus life on earth, I kept silent, thinking that diligence should be rewarded.

The procession moved steadily on, disclosing next to my view a girl who moved cautiously, casting uneasy glances all around. Soon she saw me and in answer to my question, replied "I'm running from germs; since that awful day at the Normal School when I found that the world is full of staphylococcus, streptococcus and pyocyanous bacillus, I have had no peace, and I am hunting a place where I can live and be free from all danger. I fear that those who have gone on before me have stirred up the dust and that fever germs may be floating in the air even now."

She passed on, and a group of thoughtful-looking students with careworn brows followed. As they passed I heard them murmuring, "Yes, pitched in the training school—failed to secure proper reaction."

Following close upon these came a group far outnumbering the others. As they passed I heard them say,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life at Normal School is fun,
For there's always Junior Arithmetic,
And it surely must be done.
You think you've made your ticket good
Till note night comes around,
The postman then confers with you,
Results are best unfound."

I easily guessed that this was the Junior Class.

Here the scene changed for a brief time and, in place of familiar faces, I gazed upon the ghosts of those long since departed. At first I did not recognize them, but when my old friends, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, passed by, I knew that they were the ghosts of educators of the past, dug up by the class in room K.

Although at first I had not noticed it, I now realized that the procession was growing in dignity as it progressed.

This fact having dawned upon me, I was not surprised to find the next group to be a class of Seniors. On they came, weary, bent and feeble, despair written on the face of each. "Old friend," they said, as they filed past, "there is no use trying, there are twenty-four hours in the day, and though we've struggled hard, it's useless—we can't find the twenty-fifth hour. We gave our lives to this great cause, but in vain—we have not succeeded." They, too, passed on and were lost in the distance and I was left alone, thinking and wondering over what had passed.

Suddenly the golden ladder stretched before me again, reaching far down through the sky to my bed-room window. I walked slowly down, thinking, thinking. At last I reached my window—and as I floated through and sat down in the big arm chair, I looked up to trace my journey through the sky—but lo! it was all gone and in place of the moon the sun was shining full in my face. It was morning and I was back, safe, in my room at S. N. S.

My Lady of the Spring

Willie Guthrie

I SAW HER first in the Springtime,
When the flowers had commenced to peep,
When the whole wide world was waking
From its long, long winter sleep.
She came just like the flowers
So wonderfully fair was she,
And she made of the woods an Eden,
And she made life dear to me.

I would see her when she'd gather,
In the early morning light,
The dew-laden roses and pansies,
All bloomed for her during the night;
And even the little birds knew her,
They watched for her even as I;
They would hop from one branch to another,
Chirping as she passed by.

But swiftly the Spring is passing,
And Summer will soon be fled,
And the birds will fly to the Southland,
And the flowers will all be dead,
And then My Lady will leave me,
My Lady of the Spring,
And the dusk of the cold, drear winter
Broods again over everything.

The Way of a Maid

Anne Woodruff

"YOU'LL just have to stay here and watch the camp. It would never do to leave all this stuff out here and it's nearly dark, too. Wilton, can't you and Dick stay this time?"

"Sure, we've got to go out here and cut some wood anyway, so it suits us. Well, so long!"

"So long!"

The crowd jaunted leisurely out of sight, leaving the two to watch the camp. Wilton sat down on his favorite box and pulled out a pack of cigarettes.

"By jinks, now ain't that just like that girl? Put me here to keep anybody from stealing that old stove that couldn't be moved with a derrick if it had to, and she's gone off walking again. I wish she didn't think that I was the watch dog of this camp. I'll get even with her yet!"

"Aw come on, Wilton. This ain't cuttin' wood. It'll soon be dark."

It was just at the close of one of those beautiful summer days which always make Nature seem at her best. Every bird and insect sang its sweetest. The leaves whispered gently in the breeze and the setting sun was just sending its last faint rays through the trees. They wandered down the path to a thick clump of trees. The place had always been one of the most secluded and quiet spots for miles around, but in the last week it had completely changed. The little creek, that had come to think that it had mastership over all the forest sounds, and loved to drown the twitter of the birds and the rustling of the trees by its steady gurgle and splash as it rushed along over the rocks, was now outdone by the ringing whack of an ax, or the exultant yells and songs from the campers.

With coats thrown aside, the boys began to cut down some small trees. Suddenly a shrill whistle, and then,

"Wha who! where's everybody?" sounded through the woods.

"Oh, it's Jack! Come on down, old sport, and get to work. You're just in time! Better hurry up and get on your kha-khi trousers. We don't allow city dudes out here."

"That's all right. Just wait! You won't know me when I get rigged up. Where's everybody?"

"Gone walking again and left us. We're going to get even some way."

"Tough!" Jack bounded off toward the tents, muttering to himself, "Gee, now this is a nice way to be received by your best girl. But then nobody knew I was coming!"

The two, with axes at their sides, stood staring at one another.

'Well, who'd have thought that he was going to turn up here tonight!'

Wilton snapped his fingers, as a bright idea came into his mind.

"Dick, don't let's tell anybody he's here and make him stay hid for a while. That'll get even with Millie. She'll be sure 'nough mad when she talks to me awhile and then finds out he was here all the time. Don't you say a word about it! I'm going to tell Jack to stay still."

"All right, Will," said Dick, as his friend disappeared through the trees. "Jack will do it, I know. He's a good sport anyway."

The dimly lighted lanterns, hung around on the trees, transformed the camp into fairyland. Everything around was still, except for some persistent crickets that continually chirped in the trees and almost drowned a low conversation that was going on below. Dick and Wilton lay stretched out on the ground resting.

"Say, ain't Jack a dandy? He's going to stay right in that tent for an hour and nobody is going to know he's here until we've had our fun. We'll feel rewarded for staying here all right when we see Millie's expression when she finds out. Now, don't forget! You're not to let on! Sh! here they come."

"Hi there! Been cuttin' wood? That's grand! Let's start the campfire. It's awfully dark, even with the lanterns."

"All right, let the rest of the boys do that. Come on, Millie, let's go over in that hammock. I know you're tired and I'm not going to cut any more wood for anybody tonight."

The two strolled over to the hammock and Wilton settled down for a good hour's chat. The hammock was uncomfortably near his tent, but Jack had promised to keep still.

"I wonder when Jack is coming out to camp," began Millie. "I certainly expected him before this."

"Oh, I don't think he will be out at all. You know he is trying to do that four-year course in three years and he's studying this summer to make it."

"Oh," said Millie, trying to hide her disappointment, and with a sigh she resigned herself to Wilton. She listened patiently to the account of his last summer's canoe trip and then broke out suddenly, "I think Jack might have come out tonight. He told me he would."

Inside the tent Jack waited anxiously for the hour to drag by. He could hear Jack and Millie talking outside, and suddenly, "I think Jack might have come out tonight. He told me he would," came to his ears. He glanced at his watch—it lacked five minutes of the appointed time.

"I can't help it, I'm going," he said as he parted the tent flaps and advanced toward the two in the hammock.

"Jack!" exclaimed Millie, with a joyful little cry, and Wilton quickly made his escape, but not before he heard Jack say, as he sat down beside Millie in the hammock, "Now what was that you said, Millie?"

To the State Normal

(Tune: America.)

Olivia Compton

Our Normal, 'tis of thee,
Dear school with girls so free,
To thee, we sing,
Long may our state be bright
With beams shed from thy light,
From thee we have new might,
May thy praise ring!

Our Alma Mater, true,
President and teachers, too,
Your names we love;
Thy Home Department laws—
Ne'er made without good cause—
O! school with so few flaws,
All schools above!

A Midnight Feast

Anne P. Clark

ONE FATEFUL DAY ten maidens bold
A midnight feast did plan;
Full fifteen cents did each bring forth,
Then to the store they ran.

There were pickles and crackers and almonds and
fruit,
And cakes and ginger ale.
One hungry maid did plead for cheese,
And for olives, too, did wail.

Each girl was told to come at eleven—
To wait till all was quiet—
Then slip around to number seven,
To enjoy the midnight diet.

Eleven came, and one by one,
Like ghosts they all appeared,
Some o'er the sloping roof did glide
To escape the one they feared.

When all were safe, against the door
A giant trunk they placed;
The electric bulb from its socket tore,
And hid away in haste.

As on the table the eager maids
That lovely feast did spread,
Out in the hall they heard the sound
Of the Matron's well-known tread.

The door was opened, despite the trunk;
The girls in panic fled;
Some on the roof did lightly jump,
And some into the bed.

In came Mrs. Slater, and did demand,
 "What means all this confusion?"
The feast she took and never asked
 Pardon for her intrusion.

Again she came, and brought a light;
 They knew not what to say;
For on the bed—a quivering heap—
 Four frightened damsels lay.

With sinking hearts they watched her go;
 Their fun that night was spoiled;
They went to sleep, but in their hearts
 Was wrath that hotter boiled.

On Monday night—note-night it was—
 Each girl received a piece
Of paper, marked "Home Dept., P.,"
 The result of that midnight feast.

##	Sketches	##
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A MAY MORNING

One morning early in May a party of us girls arose early and decided to take a long walk before breakfast. As soon as the clear atmosphere was temporarily shattered by the six o'clock bell we started on our walk in the direction of Little Buffalo. Few people were stirring, and here and there were curls of smoke rising lazily from the great stone chimneys. Through the cool silence was occasionally heard a dog's bark, and in the distance could be heard a cow's bell as the wearer wandered over the meadow grass. The earth looked beautiful, clothed in her mantle of green grass, with the dew sparkling like diamonds over it all. The leaves on the trees were just grown, and as they rustled at the touch of the breeze it sounded like faint music. The flowers held up their dew-moistened faces to the sun, and filled the air with rare and sweet perfume. As the mist rose from over the river, Willis's Mountain came in view, and it gave the appearance of a thick blue fog outlined against the sky. As we crossed Little Buffalo, we stood on the bridge and watched the water as it laughed and played with the tiny pebbles and went sparkling away through the woodland. The sky overhead was one mass of cloudless blue, save for a few streaks of gold, and the birds, as they soared toward the heavens, poured out their joyous notes. Everything in Nature was so cheerful and happy that it made us happy too, and we wondered how Nature works so many miracles and yet keeps so silent in the doing.

—*Jessie Dugger.*

DURING VACATION

She—Some people have such strange pastimes for vacation, but they have interesting experiences sometimes, nevertheless.

He—Yes, they do. I had a rather novel pastime last summer.

She—Do tell me about it!

He—Oh! it was nothing but one of my strange notions.

She—Well, tell me.

He—Well, you see it was this way. I used to spend the mornings out in the park adjoining the hotel. There was a quiet little arbor, formed by honeysuckle running over the shrubbery, near a little stream, which lingered in deep, still pools among the weeping willows. I used to sit there for hours at a time.

She—That begins to be romantic. Hurry and tell what happened.

He—One day, as I sat there dreaming and pretending to read, I heard a soft footfall on the spongy, moist turf. Looking up, I beheld a beautiful pair of soft brown eyes gazing at their reflection in the water. As I made a slight motion she looked around as if startled at the noise and in a moment she had disappeared.

She—What! Was she frightened at you? I see a woman was concerned.

He—No, she did not see me but the noise scared her. The next day she came again and I took care not to make a sound. She was rather timid that day, but as she heard nothing but the flutter of leaves and the faint sound of the running stream, she went down to the stream and drank some of the cool water. After that she used to come every day and I soon found that my little nook was her daily haunt. I used to watch her graceful motions as she wandered on the banks of the stream or gazed at herself in the water.

She—Pooh! She must have been very vain. Did you never speak to her?

He—Never. She did not discover my presence during my whole stay at the hotel.

She—Did you know her name or where she lived?

He—No.

She—Why, how strange that you were so interested and yet found out nothing whatever about her.

He—Oh, you misunderstand me. I found out a great deal about her. I shall write it up in my book, "The Habits of Animals," next winter. Er—did I fail to mention that she was only a tame doe that they kept in the park?

She—Oh, I thought you were telling something interesting
—*E. Goodwin.*

WHEN JEAN RAN AWAY

"My, but I'm tired!" and Jean flung herself down upon the ground.

"I didn't know that mountain-climbing was such hard work. Oh!" she cried as she caught sight of the view before her. "It was worth while after all," she thought as she gazed on the beautiful valley below her and the dim, blue mountains beyond.

"I wish that we had climbed the knob today, but I don't suppose that the view there could be any more beautiful than it is from this ridge."

She gave a little laugh. "I wonder what the others think of me. I shall hate to face the doctor. Won't he be mad? I know that it was impolite of me to run away like this, and I surely hope that mamma won't hear about it, but still it was hardly fair for Mary to take Lieutenant Parker all to herself and expect me to come with the doctor, and he a country mountaineer at that. What will mamma say? She will never let me come to Southwest Virginia again. That was a clever way to get rid of him though. No doubt, he is industriously picking huckleberries for me this very minute. He must have thought it strange that I should insist on staying in the path alone and waiting for him and the rest of our crowd. I told him that I wouldn't eat any berries unless he gathered them for me himself. What a joke!

"I wonder if it was dangerous for me to come up here alone. The others should be here by now. What can be keeping them? I do hope that there are not any snakes here. What is that?" Jean started to her feet, as she heard a strange whirring sound in the nearby bushes. For a moment she was too dazed to think. Then she jumped blindly away, but it was too late. She felt a sharp sting on her left arm and fainted away.

When she came to herself, she was still alone. The sun was far down in the western sky and strange shadows lurked on the mountainside. She sprang up, but sank back with a groan as sharp pains like needle pricks shot through her feet. The deadly poison was taking effect.

"Oh, why don't they come?" she sobbed. "It will soon be too late. Dr. Parker could save me if he were here. Dr. Parker! Why, he's Lieutenant Parker's brother! How foolish I was to run away! He's really one of the nicest men I ever met. Why doesn't he come?"

As if in answer to her question, a voice in decidedly chilly tones, called to her, "The others are waiting for us at the base. You had better hurry if you want any supper," and Dr. Parker appeared from the bushes below her.

"You took the wrong path, Miss Page, and when we did not find you at the cliff we thought that you had gone back to the house. Your sister is very uneasy, but I happened to remember this path. Come! If we don't return by eight, they will search the mountains for us."

"But, Dr. Parker, I—I can't," Jean sobbed. "I am snake-bitten."

"What?"

"A rattlesnake bit me."

"When? Where?"

"Here, on my arm. About three hours ago."

Jean noticed the whirring sound again. "Jump! Quick!" she cried. "Don't you hear it?"

"Hear what?"

"A rattler."

"That noise? Why, that's no rattler. That's a harmless insect. I cannot recall its biological name just now,

but we mountaineers" (there was a touch of irony in the word, "mountaineers"), "call that a jarfly."

"But I was bitten." (Jean was almost glad then that she was.) "Look at that place on my arm."

He examined the abrasion carefully and turned away without a word. Jean watched him closely as he began to gather something from the bushes above her. Perhaps there was hope for her after all. The doctor knew a great deal about plants and no doubt these had some value in cases of rattlesnake poisoning, but why were his shoulders shaking so queerly? Was she past help? Jean was beginning to lose hope when Dr. Parker turned toward her and held out his hand.

"I lost the huckleberries while searching for you," he said, "but blackberries are almost as good. By the way, when one violently precipitates oneself against blackberry bushes, they are apt to defend themselves."

—*Elizabeth Painter.*

A SKETCH

Uncle Zack sank slowly down on the cabin doorstep and surveyed the world—which for him consisted of "Marster's" plantation and "Marse Bob's" next to it—through the thin, blue haze of smoke that arose from his corn-cob pipe. The sun must have been pleased with the world that day, for he looked down with his best-natured smile on the mating birds in the swinging treetops, and the earth of living green.

Down the little path that led from Uncle Zack's cabin to the "big house" ran Caesar and Pompey, Uncle Zack's two sons, trying persistently to catch the beautifully-colored, flitting butterflies. Inside the cabin Aunt Lou was cooking a nice fat chicken for dinner, as only Aunt Lou knew how, and the fragrant odor floated out to Uncle Zack on the doorstep.

Everything was drowsy, and hazy, and spring-like. From far out in the field the chorus of the negro workers came in waves of melody, accompanied by the smell of newly-turned earth, and Uncle Zack leaned back against

the door-jam with visions of new potatoes and fresh corn flitting before his eyes.

The sunlight sifted down through the thick leaves of the maple tree in Uncle Zack's front yard, and settled in ever-moving patches on the old man's recumbent form, sending a pleasurable, comfortable warmth through his body. The bumble-bees circled drowsily around one of the fence posts where they had dug out a home, while Old Bob, the big shepherd dog, kept one sleepy eye open on the lookout for any adventurer whose sharp sting might disturb his calm repose.

Under the shade of the maple tree an old hen and her chickens scratched unceasingly for the earthworms that would serve for their dinner, and through the open door came the sound of Aunt Lou's voice, rising and falling monotonously in an old plantation melody. Everyone and everything was at peace, and—it was spring. The two little pickaninnies had tired of chasing butterflies and had thrown themselves down on the thick, green grass, faces upward, gazing happily through half-shut lids at the tranquil blue sky, with here and there far up in the blue a flying black dot of a bird hurrying to its nest in the maple tree.

Uncle Zack saw it all through the thin blue of the curling smoke, but then—the scene seemed to fade into the horizon, and only the gentle breeze and the kindly sun were left. And the corn-cob pipe slipped, unnoticed, from Uncle Zack's hand, while he started on his journey through the land of dreams.

—G. M. W.



We began our year's work in this department with a criticism of poetry and we shall take it up again in this, our last issue. We have not found as much good poetry in the magazines this month as we usually do, but this probably is due to everyone's being kept busier than usual at the end of the term.

We have found the magazines we have exchanged with this year helpful and interesting and we hope to continue exchanging with them next year.

Why is it that the *Furman Echo* has no original poetry for April? Has the spring failed to wake your poets' souls? There are only two selections in the magazine and these are translations. Of course this may be good practice, but even if the form is original the thought is not. After all, to get new thoughts is the most important point and that is what these lack.

A magazine from a college the size of Furman University should certainly contain at least one original poem. This would be quite an addition and we know there are plenty of people there who could write if you would encourage them to do it.

Among the three short poems in the May number of *The Critic* there is one called "An Ode to Memory." The subject is one which has been written about many times before, but that does not keep us from enjoying reading it.

"The day is fading soft away;
It is the sunset hour."

Has not that time often recalled to most of us "other hours at sunset?"

The writer seems to feel deeply and her thoughts are well expressed. The feeling in the last two lines of the second stanza does not correspond to that in the rest of the poem. When we are dreaming of other days we are not apt to feel hurried, or indeed to be conscious of the flight of time.

This little poem does not make us think more deeply or give us any new ideas. Those of us who are given to looking back into the past like it because it expresses our own feelings.

When we first read "What is Good?" a poem which appears in the May issue of *The Gallowegain*, we do not have a very clear idea of its meaning. Upon closer examination we find that the cause of this is the fact that there is not a complete sentence in the first three stanzas. They consist of a rather confusing series of phrases, with an occasional clause among them. In spite of this, a period is placed at the end of each stanza.

If the form of this poem were revised it would be very good, for it contains some beautiful thoughts. The last stanza is probably the best. It contains a thought which is very encouraging and helpful to all of us.

There is one poem entitled "Easter" in the April number of *The Chisel* that deserves special mention. The whole breathes of spring and life from the first gentle awakening to the joyful burst of Easter tide. Everything leads up to

a distinct climax and the thoughts are well expressed. We would like to see more of this kind of work.

"To You" is a pleasing little verse. The thought is light and the rythm is good, and although it doesn't furnish material for reflection or imagination it has a certain charm that makes it very attractive.



THE FOCUS

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J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

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Editorial

TO OUR ALUMNAE

And now it is June again, and we have over a hundred new Alumnae to welcome to our number. We do welcome you most cordially, and wish you all success in your work for the coming year. You will scatter over our state and meet others who, like yourselves, are graduates of our school. There are many of us, and our Alumnae list is probably larger than that of any other girls' school in the state. These two facts, that there are many of us, and that we represent the whole state, should mean a great deal. If we as a body worked together for some common good, what could we not accomplish? But do we as a whole "hang together?" Do we form a compact body as we should? But let us speak of this later.

It seems to be a fact that, as most of us leave school we feel we are leaving our school life entirely behind us, and that somehow we no longer share in its interests and aims. Many of the girls say, when they have been out of school a year or two, and the girls they knew are no

longer there, that they feel their place entirely gone. That is true naturally to a more or less extent. We cannot come back and find everything as it was during our school life. But of one thing we think all the Alumnae may feel sure, that the faculty have an abiding interest in their welfare. It is true the faculty changes a little from year to year, but that does not alter the matter greatly. We, who speak as belonging to the faculty as well as to the Alumnae, know there is not a member of the faculty who does not enjoy and appreciate a letter from an "old girl." If they only came oftener! And we, the faculty, are not the only ones who enjoy hearing from you. The very girls who make the Alumnae feel strange (unintentionally) when they return, enjoy the fine letters we have had from you to print, and wish for more. Your and our experiences will be their experiences, and who does not like to look into the future? Could not the Alumnae, through the medium of the school magazine, keep in touch with the school and each other?

This brings us back to what we were speaking of at first, the lack of connectedness—if we may use the term—among our members. Our Alumnae is very loosely held together, and many of us are wandering free. Could not someone of us suggest a way for holding us more closely together? Surely our common interests, at least what should be our common interests—the Normal League, the Cunningham Memorial Fund, the proposed Student Building—ought to bind us. Can we not all work for these? Should we not? The best occasion in the world for concerted action on the part of the Alumnae will be offered the winter after next, when the legislature convenes, and the bill to make our school a Normal College comes up again. Now is the time to begin, and if we all do our part in arousing public sentiment, there will be little doubt of the bill's being passed. Those of us who are kindergartners must work especially hard to procure the passing of the kindergarten bill by the same legislature. There is plenty for us to do, if we will just do it. If it is not possible for us to work as a body, then let us work as individuals.

There is another thing we wish to speak of, as we hear the term used so often— our “life’s work.” How many times are we told or reminded that teaching is our “life’s work!” But should we regard it so? Surely that view is very narrowing. Teaching probably occupies more time, in the lives of most of us, than anything else, but that does not mean we must be exclusively teachers. We do not wish our profession to be imprinted on us so indelibly that we can be spotted anywhere we go as a “teacher.” Every professional world is small compared to the great world around us, and surely we wish to stand, not merely as members of the teaching profession, but as citizens of that larger world and partakers of its broader life.

Just a word more to the 1914 Alumnae. Don’t forget that the school wishes to hear from you, to keep in touch with you, and that *The Focus* will gladly welcome any accounts of your new experiences, or any reminiscences of old ones, in fact, anything you wish to tell us. And do you know a better way to get news of your class mates next year than through *The Focus*?

—*Julia Johnson.*

THE STUDENT BUILDING

The Student Building is, as yet, only a possibility, but if we have the hearty co-operation of the students and alumnae of S. N. S. it will become a probability, and in time, a reality. We can readily see the advantages such a building would give to the school. It is to be a building in which will be housed all the student activities. There will be Literary and Debating Society halls, Student Government rooms, and it will be the headquarters of every student organization in the school. There will be a Y. W. C. A. room, a *Focus* office, an annual office, and besides all these there will be a play room, or rest room, which we might also use for social purposes. There are many times during the school year when we would like just such a room in which to have social meetings, such as Literary Society banquets and informal receptions after some entertain-

ments in the auditorium, and I think we can all realize what an ideal place a room like this would be for these social affairs.

Then too, that part of the campus on which the building will be placed is lower than the rest of the campus, thus making room for a large basement. This fact makes us think at once of a gymnasium and probably a swimming pool, and indeed Dr. Jarman hinted at just such a plan.

How can even the idea of this building fail to make an appeal to every student and alumna of old S. N. S. It is only through your help that we may have the building, because it is only through your generosity that we may raise the necessary funds. The plan is that every student, as she leaves the school, promise some amount that she will give yearly toward this Student Building, so you see it is on the Alumnae that we depend. Let your love of Alma Mater guide your hand as you write down this amount that you will give every year toward this fund and surely our dream of a Student Building will come true in a not distant future.

INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTESTS

There is sadly lacking in our school a feeling of true "school spirit." By "school spirit" we mean a feeling of unity and oneness among the students which makes each girl stand by every other and makes the student body, as a whole, try to uplift and advance the school. We need something to increase our interest in school life and to make us, as a student body, loyal to our school. To have such a feeling of interest and loyalty we must have a common purpose and a common desire. One strong means of creating this feeling of unity and loyalty is to have contests with other schools. This would give us a common desire—the desire to do our best to win or to see and to help our school-mates do their best to win.

Why can't we have basketball games, tennis matches, or literary contests with other schools? We can if we try. Several members of the faculty agree that an intercollegiate

debate would be a fine thing for us. The societies, and especially the debating societies, should attempt this. The Ruffners and Jeffersons could each have a debating team, or could unite into one team against another school. We should think, though, that the latter would be the better plan since it would unite the two societies in a common purpose. Unity and a common purpose! That's what we need—in the societies and in the whole school.

An intercollegiate debate would not only cause the members of the societies to take more interest in them, but would awaken an interest among the whole student body. Every one would feel that the debating societies were real live organizations and not ones that merely exist. We need a reawakened interest in the societies on the part of the members and of the whole student body.

We can see no reason why we couldn't have at least two, if not more, debates with other Normals during the school year. We feel sure that they would be willing. This was suggested several years ago, but the other Normals were young then and felt that they had rather wait until they were settled in their work and their literary societies better organized. We believe that they would be glad now to join with us in a debate or debates. We should like to hear from you, Fredericksburg, Harrisonburg, or Radford, on the subject.

A COLLEGE GIRL'S DEBTS

A college girl's debts! That makes you think of the last of the spring term, doesn't it, when everybody and every organization seems to be finding a bill against you? Annual bills; photographers' bills; additional assessments in clubs and societies that have somehow "gone in the hole;" new spring clothes, and possibly a bill at a corner grocery store—how shall we pay it all? Well, somehow we manage to leave in June with everything "square" and we pride ourselves on leaving our college town with all debts paid and being able to say, "I owe no man, no not I, and no one oweth me." We're glad we can sing

it truthfully, but can we? When our little bills about town are paid and all assessments met are all our debts paid? Do you know that statistics show that only one girl out of every five hundred has the privilege of a college education? What about the other four hundred and ninety-nine? Are we not under some obligation to them? The privilege of studying, of getting a broader view of the world, the joy of athletics, the friendships formed, the helpfulness of it all—all this belongs to the other four hundred and ninety-nine. We are just their servants, this is our debt to them—How shall we meet it? —*S. Minton.*

LITERARY SOCIETY SPIRIT

There has been a tendency this year to regard the Literary and Debating Society meetings as something we may attend if we want to, but which it is perfectly all right to miss if we happen to have no desire to go. Is this the right spirit? As we know, these societies are organized for our benefit, and we would realize this very forcibly if we did not have them. They are supposed to improve us in a literary and social way, and to fit us for greater responsibilities that will come in later life, but how can these societies accomplish their purpose if we will not let them have a chance to do so? And besides, there is an obligation on our part to uphold our society and to do all we can to make it a success. When we accepted an invitation to join a society we, of course, knew that we were taking upon ourselves new responsibilities, and our acceptance was a pledge, in a way, that we would do our best to help the society and to let it help us, so as not to make it feel that we were a white elephant on its hands.

We may think too, that in consenting to be on a program, or in helping the society in any way we are the ones who are giving and the society only is receiving, but we would be mistaken if we thought this. The course of study of each and every society in our school is so planned as to help the members. It broadens our knowledge of literature and makes us read books that are really beneficial to us.

So we may see that the Literary Society, as well as the members, does its part. We will see this if we only come to the meetings regularly and let them help us, and then take "an inventory of stock" and see if we are not the gainers by it.



‡‡	Here and There	‡‡
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The Ruffner Debating Society met May 25 and elected the following officers for the fall term of 1914-15:

President.....	Lemma Garrett
Vice-President.....	Jessie Dugger
Recording Secretary.....	Fannie Percy
Corresponding Secretary.....	Elizabeth Boggs
Treasurer.....	Juliet Mayo
Critic.....	Virginia Watkins
Reporter.....	Esther Bowles

At a meeting of the Cunningham Literary Society on May 25 the following officers were elected for the next term:

President.....	Madeline Warburton
Vice-President.....	Gertrude Welker
Recording Secretary.....	Lura Barrow
Corresponding Secretary.....	Didie Minton
Treasurer.....	Gertrude Turnbull
Critic.....	Elfie Meredith
Censor.....	Eleanor Abbitt
Reporter.....	Julia Price

On Monday evening, May 11, Le Cercle Français held its regular meeting in the French and German Club room. The meeting opened with the song, "Frère Jacques," which was sung as a round. After this a word-contest was held and Mademoiselle Marie Brown won the prize for having the largest number of French words. A "booby prize" was also awarded and much good-natured laughter ensued, after which refreshments were served in the adjoining room.

The members reluctantly dispersed at the ringing of the study bell and all expressed themselves as having gained much enjoyment from the meeting.

The under-class members of the Cunningham Literary Society entertained the new members, alumnae, and seniors of the society on Friday, May 29, on a hay-ride. Delicious refreshments were served and Cunningham will long remember this delightful picnic.

The Frank Lea Short Company gave three open-air plays, "Robin Hood," "Pomander Walk," and "The Romancers," in Farmville, May 20 and 21. The plays had very appreciative and enthusiastic audiences and we can truly say the Frank Lea Short Company was successful here.

Among the publications gotten out by the faculty are: Mrs. Dunn's Educative Seat Work, The Training School Course of Study, and A Bulletin on Special Days. Mrs. Dunn's Educative Seat Work has been widely read, and as for the Training School Course of Study the following letter from the Superintendent of the Schools of Massachusetts will speak for itself:

I should like to get a copy of your course of study in English for elementary grades. In the current number of the *English Journal* it is referred to as one of the best courses in print.

Yours very truly,

Bernard M. Sheridan,
Superintendent of Schools.

##	Hit or Miss	##
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A TRICK OF TIME

Once a hero brave and bold
His love to fairest maiden told,
But public functions claimed her mind
And so his offer she declined.

Now the hero old and lame
Back to the maiden doubting came,
But the maid is older too,
And now she says, "I'll marry you."

So when their lives were nearly spent
Beneath the marriage yoke they bent.
Ah, you guileless reader dear,
Doesn't this to you seem queer?

But it is not strange at all
For her pride has had a fall;
Of suffrage now she takes no note
Because they did not get the vote.

—*Katherine Diggs.*

THE GIRL IN CALICO

She's the one I love the best
The blue-eyed girl in the calico dress,
And I'm hoping that she will answer "yes,"
That dear little girl in calico.

I've met other lassies everywhere
But none have ever seemed so fair.
And I know no other can compare
With my little girl in calico.

—*C. B.*

WANT ADS

Wanted—A housekeeper for *The Focus* office.

Wanted—Someone to run upstairs and get her some chalk.—Miss Blackiston.

Wanted—Some jokes for *The Focus*.

Wanted—To know if Normal League Day has been postponed until next year.

Wanted—A little time to think.—S. N. S. girls.

Wanted—To know what became of the mince pie.

Wanted—To know what caused the “grasshopper” pest this year.

Wanted—More debts to pay.—S. N. S. girls.

Senior (to Junior, who is writing something for *The Focus*)—Goodness, think of such stuff going down to posterity as a representative type of Normal School literary effort.

Junior—Oh, that’s all right. Posterity will devour it as literature and say, in excuse of the vileness, that it was but the custom of our times.

Engaged S. N. S. Girl—Isn’t it terrible? My fiancé gets so frightfully jealous whenever the teacher gives me good marks.

M-tt-e C-r-t-r (to Literary Editor of *Focus*)—What was the matter with my story that you didn’t publish it in *The Focus*?

Literary Editor—Well—er—you see, it wasn’t substantial enough.

M-tt-e C-r-t-r—Why, I don’t see how that can be. I wrote it on the thickest paper I could find.

A subdued menu—crushed oats, beaten biscuit, mashed potatoes, whipped cream.—*Puck*.

NOTE-NIGHT

'Twas Monday and note-night, when all through the school
The girls were waiting, as was always the rule;
 Out in the halls there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my room to see what was the matter;
Eager and anxious to know their fate,
Girls sat on their trunks in the hall to wait;
 Some too restless to be seated thus
 Would race down the hall in a terrible fuss.
I looked down the hall, and what did I see?
The thing I looked for, which happened to be
 The note-bearer approaching with notes in a box.
Soon the howl went up, "Miss Mary White Cox,
Come to my room next, come here please,
And give me all of my F's and P's."
 Miss Mary, so burdened (notes are heavy, you know),
 Takes her own time, goes very slow,
All is quiet as she nearer creeps—
She has passed room No.—? Hark! one girl weeps.
 Room after room right down the hall,
 She has notes in her note box enough for all.
As her footsteps are heard in the hall beneath
Around me is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

—*Fannie Wilson.*

(*Reprinted from an old Focus.*)

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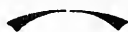
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